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The Red Feast

AYE, fight, you fools—you workers torn with strife,
And spill your steaming entrails on the field;
Serve well in death the man you served in life,
So that their wide dominions may not yield.

Serve well that flag—the lie that still allures;
Lay down your lives for land you do not own.
And give unto a war that is not yours
Your glory tithe of mangled flesh and bone.

Ah, slaves, you fight your master's battles well,
The reek of rotting carnage fills the air;
Your trampled bodies give forth fetid smell—
Sweet incense to the ghouls who sent you there—

A bloody mass of high heaped human woe
For hungry vultures hovering on high . . . .
Black dogs, red muzzled, through the trenches go,
Where your wan, pallid features face the sky.

Go, stagger back, you stupid slaves who've "won,"
Back to your stricken towns to toil anew,
For there your dismal tasks are still undone,
And grim starvation gropes again for you!

What matters now your flag, your race, the skill
Of scattered legions—were they not in vain,—
Once more beneath the lash you must distil
Your lives to glut a glory wrought of pain.

In peace they ever lash you to your toil,
In war they drive you to the teeth of death,
And even when your life-blood soaks the soil
They give you lies to choke your dying breath.

So will they smite your blind eyes till you see,
And lash your naked backs until you know
That wasted blood can never make you free
From utter thralldom to the common foe . . .

Then you will find that "nation" is a name,
And boundaries are things that don't exist;
That workers' interests, world-wide, are the same,
And ONE the ENEMY they must resist!

The Rabbits and the Goats

ONCE there was a great clover meadow divided into two equal parts by a clear river which ran between. One field was the home of the grey rabbits, the other of the white rabbits. Each one had enough; none had too much, and all were happy.

One day four white goats came to the field of the white rabbits and four black goats to the field of the grey rabbits, and the goats said to the rabbits: "This field is ours. Do not touch a stalk of clover." "Who gave you the land?" asked the rabbits. "Our God and yours. The Man who lives on the Hill," answered the goats. "Oh!" said the rabbits.

Presently some of the older rabbits got together and, with noses twitching, nervously asked the goats: "Where shall we go and how shall we live?" "You cannot go anywhere," said the goats, "and if you will cut clover for us we will give you enough to keep you alive, unless you are greedy. The greedy must die." "Oh!" said the rabbits.

So the four white goats divided one field into quarters, each taking one as its own, and the four black goats divided the other field in the same way, and for a long time the rabbits brought the goats the hay which the goats sold to the pigs who lived on an island in the river. The goats became very fat and prosperous, but the rabbits had hardly enough to eat. The rabbits continued to have large families and grew more and more numerous, so that the clover allowed by the goats was not enough and the rabbits were starving. Some of the rabbits then said: "Brethren, four goats cannot harvest this clover. We do all the work. Let us stand together and refuse to labor unless we get more clover and shorter hours."

So the rabbits formed a hundred and thirty-seven unions, so that each rabbit could find a union for its kind. There was a union for rabbits with a spot on the right fore-foot, and a union for rabbits with a spot on the left fore-foot, and so on, for all manner of rabbits, including lop-eared rabbits and blind rabbits. Sometimes the rabbits with a spot on the left fore-foot would walk out and sit by the edge of the field and look at the clover and refuse to work unless given more clover and shorter hours. This action was called "a squat." Sometimes the rabbits with a spot on the right fore-foot would walk out on a squat. Sometimes it would be the lop-eared rabbits, or the three-toed rabbits, or the blind rabbits, or whichever was hungriest, and the others would do the work for the goats till those out on a squat would get so hungry looking at the clover they would, one by one, slip back into the field and go to work, and sometimes, if the crop was very big and the pigs were squealing for clover, and business was good, the goats would give the squatting rabbits a little more to eat and shorter hours.

But when the rabbits had bred to such a multitude that there were more rabbits than were needed for the work, poor, hungry, mangy or scabby rabbits would offer to work for less clover, and then the whole thing would be in a dreadful uproar; the union rabbits would squeal "Scab!" at the poor mangy rabbits, and the goats would bleat: "Let them alone. We have a God-given right to have them work for us for less clover." And all the other union rabbits, left-foots, right-foots, fore-foots, hind-foots, lop-ears and so on--all except the ones who were squatting—would go on harvesting the goats' clover for them, but crying continually: "Scab! Scab! Scab!"

Things went on this way for a long time, the white rabbits and the grey rabbits getting poorer and poorer, and the white goats and black goats getting fatter and fatter. But presently the black goats and the white goats quarreled over which should furnish clover to the pigs. The black goats declared war on the white goats, and each shouted to their own rabbits: "Quit working for us now for a while and come fight for us"; so the white rabbits rushed at the grey rabbits and the grey rabbits rushed at the white rabbits and they killed each other, squealing strange squeals: "Patriotism!" "Fatherland!" "Our Country!" "Our Flag!" "The Goats forever!" "God bless our Goats!"

The goats wept and gave a little clover to the orphan rabbits, and hung small yellow bells on the two-legged and three-legged rabbits who had lost legs in the war, so these rabbits sat all day tinkling their bells and were fed by the other rabbits and were greatly venerated for their intelligence.

During the war the white goats sent for white foxes to fight for them, and the black goats sent for black foxes to fight for them, and the rabbits were glad and said: "We will feed the foxes who fight for us."

After a long and bitter war, and the killing of many rabbits, peace was declared between the black goats and the white goats and they divided the Pigs' Island between them by a solemn treaty, and were fatter than ever. So the rabbits, white and grey, went back to their fields to work, only each had to labor harder because there were so many crippled rabbits and so many foxes to support. The rabbits were thus harder worked and poorer than ever, but every time they grumbled or one of their unions squatted the goats set the foxes on them and drove them back to work.

Things became so unbearable that an old grey rabbit called all the rabbits together, white and grey, and said to them: "Are we not all rabbits? Are we not all brothers? Are we not all enslaved? Our mistake was in admitting the right of the goats to own the land, because that has enslaved us. We must live from the land. Without it we die. Our remedy is to undo this error and to assert that not even our God, the Man on the Hill, can give away the ownership of the fields. They must be as before, open and free to whomsoever will use them. If the goats want clover, let them get what they can use, and no more. The same with the pigs, and the same with rabbits; and as for rabbits killing each other, it is worse than wicked—it is foolish." "But," said a large white rabbit, "what will become of the foxes?" "Let them die," said the grey rabbit. "But they won't die. They will eat us," said the white rabbit. "No," said the grey rabbit, "there are many more of us, and we can kick powerfully if we want to. Moreover, unless we work for the goats, how can they buy the chickens they feed to the foxes? Foxes cannot eat clover." "But how are we to do this? The goats are larger than we are," said the white rabbit. "Easily," replied the grey rabbit: "let us unite in one great brotherhood. Not lop-eared or blind rabbits, but just rabbits, all rabbits, in one common band. Then let us say to the goats: 'We will harvest no more clover for you. Work yourselves, or starve. We deny your ownership of the fields. We will help ourselves.' Oh, my brothers," he added, "see this mutilated ear which was chewed by a white rabbit while each of us was fighting for the goats, be for the white goats, I for the black. Let it be so no more. Let us all get together as one band of brothers. Let us break this ownership of our fields by the goats, and then no more shall our little ones starve in meadows of abundance." "Very fine words," said the white rabbit, "but only words. Do not listen to him. He is a visionary. A dreamer. Labor is not vision. Labor is life. Life is labor. Let us all go back to our jobs. That is life. We can from time to time squat and kick as before, separately and independently, for more clover and shorter hours. That also is life. Anything beyond a little more clover or shorter hours is vision, and sensible rabbits will not bother with it."

So the rabbits all returned to labor for the goats, while the foxes watched them from the shade.

—Charles Erskine Scott Wood

The Meaning of War

WHAT, speaking in quite unofficial language, is the net purport and upshot of war? To my own knowledge, for example, there dwell and toil in the British village of Dumdrudge usually some five hundred souls. From these, by certain "natural enemies" of the French, there are successively selected, during the French war, say thirty able-bodied men. Dumdrudge, at her own expense, has suckled and nursed them; she has, not without difficulty and sorrow, fed them up to manhood, and even trained them to crafts, so that one can weave, another build, another hammer, and the weakest can stand under thirty stone avoirdupois. Nevertheless, amid much weeping and swearing, they are selected; all dressed in red; and shipped away at the public charges, some two thousand miles, or say only to the south of Spain, and fed there till wanted.

And now to that same spot, in the south of Spain, are thirty similar French artisans, from a French Dumdrudge, in like manner wending; till at length, after infinite effort, the two parties come into actual juxtaposition; and Thirty stands fronting Thirty, each with gun in his hand. Straightway the word "Fire!" is given; and they blow the souls out of one another; and in place of sixty brisk, useful craftsmen the world has sixty dead carcasses, which it must bury, and anew shed tears for.

Had these men any quarrel? Busy as the devil is, not the smallest! They lived far enough apart; were the entirest strangers; nay, in so wide a Universe, there was even, unconsciously, by Commerce, some mutual helpfulness between them. How, then? Simpleton! Their Governors had fallen out; and, instead of shooting one another, had the cunning to make these poor blockheads shoot.

—Thomas Carlyle

Only Labor Can Abolish War

PEACE congresses will not abolish war, nor is it the sincere wish of those who patronize them that war should be abolished. They are instituted mainly by those whose millions come from the manufacture of war munitions, or from land titles to barren acres which are only validated by armies and navies.

War will be abolished when the artisans and craftsmen cease to manufacture war implements—which are made solely for the purpose of keeping in subjection those by whose toil and skill they are fabricated. Kings and rulers seldom kill each other, but they always unite to kill workingmen—they are so united now.

How much will Carnegie subscribe for an educational campaign to teach workingmen not to make war implements? Not a penny. But he will give millions, if need be, to pay for shooting down men who should strike against work on battleships and cannon and refuse to permit others to take their jobs. Such is the sincerity of those who pray and pay for peace.

Peace congresses are fads of the foolish or crafty rich.

War will not be abolished by those interested in its loot. There is no hope for man at the top of the human heap. Only as the mass grows more intelligent and intolerant of slavery will conditions become more human. Wholesale murder will only cease when workingmen refuse to manufacture its implements.

—Luke North

Take Notice, Friends! About to go to press, we received the following wire from New York: "Arrested birth control charge. Under five hundred bond. Got postponement until twenty-eighth. Will try to get another extension. I want to prepare case thoroughly. Can you arrange protest meeting and make appeal? Will need money for publicity. Have written you at length. Send protests to City Attorney Edward Swann.—EMMA GOLDMAN."

THE BLAST

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Reflections

EDUCATION, education! is the cry on everyone's lips. "Knowledge will make you free." Is it really true? Will education *alone* make the people free?

As a matter of fact, the "educated" ones, with but few exceptions, are the strongest upholders of capitalism. Learned professors, scientists and similar intellectual rabble are almost always in the camp of the enemy, making use of every known device of science to perpetuate human slavery.

The same is generally true of the proletarian whose sole ambition is to become "educated." He learns enough to emancipate himself from the shop or the factory, and secures a well-paying position. The social question is then solved—so far as he is concerned.

And the thousands of radicals who have an education—what of them? Their usefulness in the revolutionary movement is nil. They know it all, you know. The sum total of all their argument is "What's the use, anyway?" Or, "The stupid workers don't deserve any better." They become either exploiters or scoffers.

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THIS is not an argument against education. It is an argument for education PLUS.

"The workers—ah, they are so ignorant, you know," is the cry of the scientific ones. It's a lie. The workers know enough to make this world beautiful—for others. To create comfort, wealth and luxury—for others. They know enough to build palaces, produce gold and silver, shape rare gems, and fill the earth with all that is necessary to make life a song and a joy. They circle the earth with iron and steel, annihilate space and bring distant climes in closer touch; they build powerful engines that subdue and harness the forces of nature; they turn the wilderness into blooming gardens, level towering mountains, bridge rivers and seas; they chain the Niagara and conquer the very air.

They know, they know how to create wealth, and luxury and joy—all for others.

It isn't knowledge the workers lack. What they need is the courage and will to use their knowledge, their strength and skill in their own interest. They need backbone and the *will to be free.*

To develop this *will* is the real work of those who have the welfare of humanity at heart. The will to do and dare, the will *not* to be slaves. Knowledge alone keeps the world in bondage. Knowledge *plus* backbone will break every link of human slavery.

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THE corrupting influence of politics has never been demonstrated more strikingly than in the case of Meyer London, the present Socialist representative in Congress.

I know Meyer London personally. He is a decent chap: in private life intelligent, sincere and devoted. But even a decent man is not immune from the poison of the political swamp. The stink of the legislative atmosphere has infected London the moment he entered Congress. He, the stanch internationalist, equipped with thorough knowledge, failed the moment his courage was put to the test. He did not dare beard the lion in his den.

Oh, London knows—he has plenty of education. His mind is thoroughly disciplined by long years of legal study; he is well versed in all the intricacies of scientific Socialism—he knows, he knows. Only one thing his knowledge did not give him: strength to retain his manhood and loyalty to his convictions in the face of the enemy. Asked on the floor of the Congress what the Socialists would do in case the United States were invaded, Meyer London replied emphatically that "the Socialists, like everybody else, would defend the country."

I am afraid that what London said is true. In spite of their education and thorough knowledge of things, in spite even of the Socialists' complete familiarity with the scientific analysis of everything under the sun, London and his followers lack backbone.

They haven't the courage to fly in the face of public prejudice, or defy popular sentiment. They are too cowardly to stand by an unpopular conviction. They mouth internationalism and the solidarity of the workers of *all* countries, but put them to the test, and they "will defend their country." That is to say, they will obey the command to slaughter the workers of other countries.

This is true not only of the Socialists but of most radicals, and even of some who call themselves revolutionists and Anarchists. Yes, strange as it may seem, there are even Anarchists who would defend *their* country, though an Anarchist knows that he has no country.

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THAT is the great tragedy of our time. That is what paralyzes the revolutionary movement. We *know* many things, except how to be true to ourselves, to be *real men* and *women*. We are constantly calling on the workers to be solidaric, to make common cause with the toilers everywhere, together to deliver the fatal blow to their oppressors. But how many of us—militant workers, rebels, revolutionists—whatever our ism—are ready to stand up for our convictions when the test comes? It is easy to talk or write rebellion and revolution when we know we are safe. But look into your own heart and confess to yourself whether you have the strength to live up to your ideas and ideals when it is dangerous to do so.

And unless there be some of us who have this strength, all our propaganda is worthless. Because *example* is the most powerful means of agitation; it alone helps to change the world.

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LET it be clearly understood: the danger of invasion is a nightmare of the jingo imagination. It is a mannikin dangled before the eyes of the American people by those who are hungry for graft, emoluments and profit. But if the war maniacs and profit mongers should actually succeed in forcing this country into war, let us at least remain true to ourselves, true to our sense of human brotherhood and labor solidarity, true to our ideal of the revolution of the masses against the war of their exploiters.

It makes no difference how many or how few are with us. There must always be a beginning, and it is up to every true revolutionist, in everything, to make the beginning with himself. As for me, I recognize neither flag nor country. I know only one invader: the government which robs me of liberty and forces me to do things against my will. I have but one enemy: the master who steals the fruit of my toil. I have nothing to defend in this or any other country. I have only my own interests to defend—the interests of my oppressed fellow-men throughout the world. I will not defend rulers or masters in any country. I will shoot the first recruiting officer rather than harm my brother proletarian, wherever he may come from.

—A. B.

The Great Art

I WENT last Monday to the shop of my bookseller, whose warehouses, with all their variety, often afford me nothing to read. "I have got today," said he, "by good luck, a new work, necessary to the happiness of mankind, and as full of instruction as delight. No one ought to neglect the perusal of this performance. The destiny of all depends upon it. Let me send it to you. It is entitled '*Tactics*.' "

"*Tactics!*" said I. "Alas! to this day I have been ignorant of the meaning of this learned noun."

"It is a word," answered my bookseller, "that is descended to us from the Greeks. It signifies the great art, or *the* ART by way of eminence; that of arrangement or order. The sanguine wishes of the most daring genius find themselves here fully gratified."

I bought his "*Tactics*" and rejoiced in the purchase. I hoped to find in this divine work the art of lengthening my life; of surmounting the miseries with which it is infested; of cultivating my taste; of subduing my passions; of subjecting my desires to the yoke of reason; of being just towards all men, without ever being their dupe. I shut myself up in my study; I read, I devour, I digest every word of so admirable a work. Great God! the object of this art was to instruct men to cut each others' throats.

I learned that formerly, in Germany, a guileless monk, to amuse his leisure, invented a certain composition of brimstone and saltpetre; that a large leaden ball, thrown out with a terrible report, ought to be directed to a certain height in order to descend to a certain level: and that this rule being attended to, death infallibly flies out from a brass cylinder in a certain curve called a parabola, and overturns a hundred blue automata standing all in a row. In a word, musket, dagger, sword with a sharp edge or a sharp point, are all good, all worthy of honor, provided that they kill.

In another chapter, the author describes a set of highwaymen prepared for nightly depredation, who, having taken their stand in a hollow way, and being properly furnished with sabres and scaling ladders proceed, in the first place, without sound of trumpet or drum, to the assassination of five or six sentinels. Afterwards, having dexterously climbed the walls of a city, while each honest trader was sleeping securely in his bed, they spread, from street to street, fire and sword; stab the men; ravish their wives; knock out the brains of the young children; and finally, exhausted with so many efforts, carouse in the midst of the bleeding bodies. The next morning they proceed, as in duty bound, to return thanks to God for their heroical enterprise; to tell him in Latin, with a nasal twang, that he alone is their protector; that, while the town was in flames, they could do nothing without him; that one can neither rob nor ravish to one's heart's content, nor massacre the defenceless, without God to second the undertaking.

Surprised as I was at the discovery of the boasted art, I hastened once more to my bookseller, out of breath with horror and amazement; returned to him his volume, and exclaimed, my eyes flashing with rage:

"Begone! Accursed bookseller of Beelzebub! Carry your '*Tactics*' to the Chevalier de Tot. He teaches the Turks to march in the name of the Lord. He instructs unbelievers to cover the Dardanelles with their cannon, and kill the inhabitants of the Christian world. Begone! Address yourself to the Court de Romanow; to the pitiless conqueror of Azof and Bender; but chiefly offer this admirable performance to the great Frederic. He knows more of this art than your author, and is upon more confidential terms with Lucifer. He is consummate master of this horrible science, more perfect in it than either Gustavus or Eugene. Begone! I will never believe that human nature came out—God knows when!—from the hands of its creator, thus to insult its omnipotent benefactor, to be guilty of so much extravagance, and so much insanity. Man, with his ten fingers, unarmed either for attack or defence, was never formed violently to abridge a life which necessity has already rendered so short. The gout with its chalkstones, and the hardened slime which forms itself into pebbles at the bottom of the bladder, the fever, the catarrh, and a hundred diseases more dreadful; a hundred mountebanks in ermine, still more the foes of our peace, would have been sufficient to render this globe a valley of tears, without its being necessary to invent this sublime art of war."

—VOLTAIRE

The Growth of Revolution In India

MEN from England's vast dependency in India are fighting for her in Europe, and it is said that the Indians are helping England in every way, which she interprets to the world as proof of devotion and stanch loyalty on the part of India to English rule. She flings these "incontestible" facts in the face of those who claim that India is hostile to British rule and that her sons will revolt at the first opportunity.

It is true that some Indians are fighting in the British army and a few have volunteered their services. But who are they? They are the Indian soldiers who are part of the British-Indian army in India, whom poverty has driven to enlist under the British flag. And as professional soldiers, whose interest lies in pay only, they are required to go and fight whenever wanted. Hence when this great European war broke out, a large number of the Indian soldiers were shipped to Europe who were completely unaware of their proper destination! Some of them thought that they were to be shipped from one Indian port to another, while others believed that they were sailing for Africa! The truth of this statement can be substantiated by the Indians fighting in France and in Egypt, and by those who have been made prisoners by the Germans.

As regards the rest—who are, by the way, few in number—they are mostly adventurers and place-seekers. Those few Indian princes who are hanging around the British camps in France, those "bejeweled" rajahs who are subscribing to the British war-relief fund and aiding in other ways, who are they and what are they? Always lying in the clutches of the tyrannical British, always compelled by brute force to follow at the beck and call of the British, subservient to British caprice and practically prisoners in their own palaces, these Indian princes have been compelled to unloosen the strings of their purses to help—what the imperial mandate called—a "holy cause for humanity"! Being always watched and suspected and never trusted by the British government, and politically absolutely impotent to have any independent will of their own, these maharajas are doing what they are ordered to do, directly or indirectly. If the sons of a few of these bejeweled farcical "chiefs" are hanging around the British army as "aides-de-camp," it is because once their ancestors were warriors to whom fighting was a profession, and whose degenerate descendants want to satisfy the hereditary instincts by hearing the trampling of a cavalcade or the roar of cannon! To these princes loyalty means self-preservation, and that loyalty is extracted through fear! It is only by means of this cloak of hypocrisy that these pampered rajahs can retain the luxury of a throne, however small and impotent it may be. As for the less favored ones—they are aiming at higher titles and more orders of distinction, and some are mere place-seekers.

But so far as *the masses* of India are concerned, they are inimical to British rule. The Indians have never taken kindly to the English who are aliens to them in color, speech, manners and religion. The English rule in India, founded by treachery, forgery, perjury, and kept by brute force, has always been hated. Whenever any opportunity has arisen, the Indians individually and collectively have shown their hostility to the alien domination. They have not forgotten the revolution of 1857, which they call the "first war of Indian independence," nor will they be slow in taking advantage of any opportunity, as soon as it presents itself. This dumb multitude is gradually giving expression to its feelings by diverse channels. They are boycotting British-made goods and patronising the home-made articles, upholding their own institutions and are trying to build up national solidarity in various ways.

The English, with their characteristic love of "justice and fair play," and their "love of liberty," are doing their utmost to crush these patriotic aspirations. They hunt down the rebels, they hang and transport them, they sentence them to hard labor, they flog the boys; from time to time they start "pogroms" on the defenseless people, they gag the press and enact restrictive laws; they terrorize the people by every means. But what has been the effect? These persecutions have spread the revolutionary propaganda. The fierce desire for emancipation, which has struck deep roots in the hearts of the people, not finding any external outlet, is running underground. Their race-consciousness has been awakened and various methods of revolutionary propaganda are afoot to bring about national regeneration.

To the globetrotter and to the casual visitor, this part of the Indian national life is a sealed book. India seems to him to gloat over the chains forged for her! But far away from the glamor of the viceregal court life, far away from the official sunshine, far away from angloethan, far away from the contact of the gaudy, bejeweled, imbecile maharajas and the henchmen of the British, only in the heart of Hindusthan you will find the true feelings. The sullen discontent that has always existed, the fierce hatred against the feringee and his ways, and the stern determination for emancipation, are coming to a head. Hence in India we see the phenomenon of the rapid rise and growth of the revolutionary movement. It is not the noisy demagogue quoting Burke and Queen Victoria's proclamation, and the Indian dummies put in the legislative councils that are the spokesmen of the dumb millions; but the martyrs that are dying by the hangman's noose, the men transported for life, sentenced to jail—they are the exponents of the new revolutionary gospel. These active workers may be in minority today, but the future of the country lies in their hands.

British rule in India today is shakier than ever; the present world war and England's troubles with Turkey have made it worse. India is now like a volcano which may burst out at any moment, at the first opportunity; and then British rule, founded by blood, will die in blood. —*The Indian National Party.*

Be Content

DON'T ever be guilty of wanting anything, workingmen. It is true that you build the palaces, manufacture the finest of shoes and clothing, raise the best of foods, and make the earth a paradise for the few wealthy. But you shouldn't want anything for yourselves.

Of course it is plain that you don't. I only mention it for fear that you might get it into your head that since you created all these things you are entitled to something more than the refuge and shanty shelter. That would be Anarchy, and I wish to warn you not only against Anarchy but against all agitators. Agitators are dangerous and are likely to get you into a worse fix than you are now in.

Of course, you haven't anything to lose, but don't worry about that. Work and be content, for over there the master prepares a house not built with hands, where you can go after you are dead—maybe. There is some little doubt about it, of course, but you should work and hope.

Don't ever read or think, gent. It wasn't intended that you should, and, as a rule, you are doing just what it was intended that you should. Always be a working mule—it's so much fun to pile up wealth all one's life for someone else to enjoy, and then when one dies get one of those half-cent burials, which the undertakers furnish paupers.

—EMANUEL JULIUS

Involuntary Servitude: A Step Toward Conscription

TWENTY-ONE postal clerks in West Virginia, who were indicted last November for conspiracy because they had the manhood to quit their jobs rather than submit to injustice, have been found guilty and fined a total amount of $1400.00.

The government attorneys and postoffice officials are reported to be highly elated at the outcome of the court proceedings; especially because this case, being the first of its kind, establishes a precedent for the future.

Instead of raising a howl of publicity to rally to their assistance the forces of Labor and every red-blooded lover of liberty, the defendants relied solely on legal talent. Of course, they were promptly handed the customary judicial package that Labor gets in the courts.

A legal fight between the U. S. government, with its unlimited resources, and a handful of working men is about as fair as a fight between a pigmy and a giant. The lawyer in the case knew it perfectly well, for he entered a plea of *nolo contendere* (I will not contest). In other words, he took the money and threw up the sponge, which is a perfectly respectable thing for a lawyer to do, though it would be disgraceful for a prizefighter.

In effect the decision is even more vicious and far-reaching than the Danbury Hatters' case. It is the first step toward conscription.

Roosevelt inaugurated the system of muzzling insubordinates, denying free speech and political expression to those working for the government in minor positions. It has remained for a liberal democratic administration to establish involuntary servitude among government employees. Considering that the government attorneys and postoffice officials are so triumphant over the decision, it is evident that they intend to extend the practice. From compelling men to work against their will is but a short step to forcing them to kill and be killed. *That is what conscription means.*

Same Old Fake

NO one will dream of charging police authorities with originality. But the methods of the Chicago department are really too stale. Evidently the police of that city feel that it is necessary to distract public attention from the fast accumulating charges of corruption and graft among the guardians of law and disorder. But is there no one in the department with enough brains to invent a more plausible diversion for the public than the threadbare old story of a "world-wide plan of destruction by an anarchistic organization of tremendous power, with headquarters in Rome and with a membership of fifteen in Chicago?"

What a powerful world-wide organization that has only fifteen members in the great city of Chicago! I can assure that great authority on Anarchists, Chief Shuettler, of Chicago, that I personally know several hundred Anarchists in his city.

I often wish that these "world-wide conspiracies" were real: that the rebels actually had a powerful organization to put the fear of god or devil into the hearts of those who batten on the blood and marrow of labor; to strike them with such terror that they should be eager to release their strangle-hold on humanity. But unfortunately there is no such organization, and there will be none till the down-trodden and disinherited take the matter into their own hands and wipe the bloodsuckers off the face of the earth, together with all their devices for enslaving man.

But the "great conspiracy" fake of the Chicago police is perhaps good enough to frighten the timid citizen into giving more police jobs to Irish patriots in Chicago. Incidentally, it may serve to create an "argument" for a stronger army against the internal enemy. After all, it is this enemy—discontent and rebellion at home—that our rulers fear a thousand times more than any external "invader."

—A. B.

The Parable of Another Samaritan

I STOOD on the bank of a swiftly running river whose turgid bosom was white with the broken bodies of men, women and children:—the industrial derelict, crippled, aged and shriveled with toil; the white slave, early old and robbed of beauty; the factory child with hollow socketed eyeballs and shrunken belly. Many were dead, some were dying, and others there were, not yet despairing, but from whose lips there came an anguished cry.

I reached into the waters and saved many, and back of me I heard the pulpit and the press of the unjust man acclaiming loudly that I was a philanthropist and a redeemer of men. And I was pleased with his fulsome plaudit, not seeing that those I saved passed by the unjust man and came down again to choke my torrent of sorrows.

And so it came that men called my name blessed, but the number of the miserable ever grew, when a loud voice rudely broke upon the satisfied tenor of my consciousness, saying, "Look above you. Go forth to the source of this wretched river to where the unjust man has his great machines." In great haste I went as the voice had spoken, and I said to the unjust man and his wolfish mercenaries, "You shall not longer grind the laughing-eyed innocents into your fearful mills, nor shall you starve them when the pearly breasts of earth swell and pain with abundant suck for them all, and you, sir, shall not feed the beautiful maidens into the scarlet maw of vice; and you shall no longer bruise and beat and break and kill the bodies of those who do the useful and the beautiful work of the world."

I looked again toward the press and the pulpit of the unjust man and saw them herding a mob which they set upon me, crying, "He preaches a strange doctrine."

—BRUCE ROGERS

The Young Folks

II

"WELL, now, how about my question?" Tom asked when we met again.

"We'll discuss it now, Tom."

"Discuss it? What do you mean?"

"We'll talk it over," I explained.

"Why, I thought you were to answer my questions."

"We'll answer them together. You will help me, Tom."

"But I don't know how."

"Well, let's see. You said you had asked your father to buy you a new suit—"

"No; a new pair of pants," Tom corrected me.

"Oh, yes, pants; and your father told you that you couldn't have them. You wanted to know why, and he wouldn't tell you."

"Yes. Now you tell me why he wouldn't buy them for me."

"All right. But first tell me, Tom, what is your father's business?"

"Why, don't you know? He works in Jones' factory. They make there the finest furniture in the city."

"I didn't see any of it in your house, Tom."

"Of course not; it's too expensive."

"But you say that your father makes it. Why doesn't he bring some of it home?"

"How you talk! It's Jones' factory, and everything made there belongs to him, and he sells it. Father can't afford to buy such dear furniture."

"But tell me, Tom, who makes all the furniture that Jones sells?"

"The men in the factory, of course."

"Does Jones himself make any of it?"

"You make me laugh. Jones is rich; he doesn't have to work."

"Let's look into this, Tom. You say that Jones himself doesn't make any of the furniture that he sells, so I suppose his workers make it?"

"Yes, of course."

"All of it?"

"Sure."

"Then if the men make it all, they can take some of it home when they need it."

"No, they can't. It don't belong to them. It belongs to Jones."

"How so, Tom?"

"Well, the factory is his, and all the tools and machinery, too."

"You mean that Jones built the factory, and made the tools and machinery—Jones himself?"

"No, no, he didn't. I saw some new machines taken into the factory last week. There was a sign on them that said they were made in Pittsburg."

"Who do you think made those machines in Pittsburg?"

"The machinists, of course."

"Well, then, if Jones himself didn't make the machinery, then perhaps he built the factory?"

"No, no, he didn't. It was workingmen who built the factory."

"Well, then, Tom, it seems that Jones didn't help much, so far. He didn't build the factory, nor the machinery, and he is not working on the furniture, either. Why does it all belong to Jones, then?"

"I—don't see why."

"There are many grown-ups can't see it, either. But it is not really hard to understand. The truth is, Tom, a factory couldn't belong to only *one* man. Why? Because one man couldn't build it. It takes many to do it. It takes bricklayers and masons, carpenters and plumbers, iron-workers and locksmiths, and many other workingmen to build a factory or a house. Even a common kitchen chair couldn't be made by one man working all alone. He would need a hammer and nails, or glue, and even before he could use these, he must get the lumber. He would need an axe and a saw. And somebody would have to give him food while he is making all these things. So you see that he would need the help of many other people even to make a chair. Everything that we have today is made by the work of many people, each doing some part of the work. We all live together, we work together, and the things we have should belong to all people together. That's why Jones' factory is not his at all. It really should belong to all the people who helped to build it."

"But perhaps Jones paid for it," Tom said.

"Perhaps he did. That means we must find out where Jones got the money. And, by the way, Tom, do you know what money really is?"

"Why, of course; it's cash."

"Well, we'd better talk this over next time. It's late now."

"But how about the pants that father wouldn't buy?"

"That belongs to the money question, Tom."

MEETINGS AND LECTURES

Under this heading announcements will be made free of charge to Labor and Radical Organizations.

CURRENT EVENTS CLUB meets every Friday, 8 p. m., at Averill Hall, 1256 Market, opposite City Hall. No lecturing. Discussion of important events of the week. Musical selections. Admission free.

JOLLY SOCIAL AND DANCE, every *first Saturday* of the month, by the Current Events Club, Averill Hall.

WALTER HOLLOWAY, Rationalist, Phelan Building, Sundays, 8 p. m.

OPEN FORUM, every Thursday evening, Averill Hall. Free discussion.

ST. LOUIS, ATTENTION!

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